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[ONE PENNY.]

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

ALL Good Wishes for Christmas and the New Year to friends near and distant! It is this year with a special warmth of gratitude that we remember the constant sympathy and kindness we have received on many hands through arduous years of service. Editors come and go, but the good cause of single-minded service of the Truth and of religion in the freedom of the Spirit remains, and it is with a glad and thankful confidence that we look forward to the coming time.

THE many friends of the Rev. E. W. Lummis throughout the country will have been delighted, as we were, to hear the good news which he tells towards the end of his last week's letter from "The Crow's Nest." Three years on the great heights of Switzerland have done their work, and we congratulate Mr. Lummis very heartily on his doctor's verdict of liberation. At the same time, we must have grateful thoughts for the friends among whom he has recently found a home and a post of welcome duty in the distant Münstertal. They will still have their English pastor for these winter months, and how they keep Christmas there may be read in this week's "Crow's Nest" letter. Friends will note Mr. Lummis's appeal at the end of his letter.

THE memorial notice of Miss Marian Pritchard, which we published last week, spoke of the story of the Newington Green Meeting-house, which she had just completed, as a souvenir of the bicentenary of the old chapel. The interest of the story is great in itself, and the little work

gains a new and sacred interest from the circumstances under which it was completed. It is not for sale, but friends may obtain copies by application to Mr. Ion Pritchard at Essex Hall. The concluding pages of the souvenir are devoted to a chronological survey of the two hundred years. One correction of date we may note. The letter of condolence put down to 1899, must have been in 1900, the year of Dr. Martineau's death. The first s.s. summer session at Oxford is rightly dated 1899.

FRIENDS in London will note that the new church at Ilford is to be opened next Saturday, January 2, by Mr. Percy Preston, President of the London District Unitarian Society. There will be service conducted by the Rev. T. E. M. Edwards, when the Rev. J. Page Hopps is to preach, and after tea a public meeting in the church.

THE December number of the *Willaston School Chronicle* contains a notice of the death of Mr. R. D. Darbishire, who was closely associated with the school from its foundation. Mr. Darbishire was prevented from being present at the last Speech Day, and had not been at the school since the Christmas term of 1907. "Many of us, therefore," the Headmaster writes, "speaking for his boys, 'never saw him; but those who did will not soon forget the old man in his skull cap, his burly figure, slightly bent as though to meet the storm, in all its lines revealing the English gentleman; and we like to think that we could see on his face when he looked upon the School something of that 'infinite grave happiness' that might be seen on it as he walked of a summer evening in the Whitworth Park. For he was more than a Governor of the School. He was the legal adviser and the intimate friend of Mr. Barker; and there can be no question that his influence was great, and even paramount, in the forming and formulation of the scheme that issued in the foundation of the School. When, therefore, our flag was flown at half-mast, it was in reverence to the memory of one who had not only been our constant benefactor since the opening, but who was also in a very real sense joint-founder of the School.' And the history of our earliest beginnings, if ever we accomplish that which shall justify its being written, will link with the name of Philip Barker that of his loyal friend and helper, Robert Darbishire."

THE January number of *The City*, the new monthly magazine, "written and

produced at the First Garden City," is attractive in form, and has some charming illustrations. It is printed at the Arden Press, and published by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., two houses which were among the first to remove their works to Letchworth. Mr. H. B. Binns, the editor, writes of the city first in prose, and afterwards in verse:—

"I see a City being wrought
Upon the rock of Living Thought.
It was a bloodless dream until
It quickened in a good man's will,
Became a hope, became a vow,
For one, for many, until now
Upon the rock of Living Thought
I see the City being wrought.

City of Thought, City of Dream,
Standing beside the ancient stream
Of Progress, all thy fields are free
To the wide winds of Liberty.
Buildest thou art, but yet forever
We build thee with our hearts'
endeavour
Upon the border of that stream,
Beautiful City of our Dream!"

Eight such verses there are, and in prose the editor tells of the hope of the founders, "that Letchworth might be the first of a new order of cities which should be alive with public purpose and enthusiasm," and goes on to record how far, as a town of some 6,000 inhabitants, it has gone towards fulfilling that hope.

GARDEN CITY, says Mr. Binns, is to be "a free community, working consciously together for the enlargement and true civilisation of individual and social life upon its own estate, and also throughout the world. This requires not only the enunciation of practical ideas common to earnest workers and thinkers in every place, but more especially of those new and vivid conceptions of social possibility which arise among the men and women who have been drawn together to work out its destiny. Already some among these are possessed by conceptions of fellowship which must prevail as they become more widely appreciated. These see religion escaping from its own prison walls to become once again the liberator of all spirits in prison; they see politics emerging free and virile from the narrow and somewhat theatrical arena of Parliamentary debate, and coming, with letters and the stage, into living contact with all the hope and horror of contemporary life. It is out of such anticipations that the new venture issues; a small monthly magazine for the quickening of the civi

spirit, and the promulgation of its principles and ideals."

THEN in an article "After Five Years," by Joseph H. Wicksteed, we have a spirited and encouraging account of what has been done to develop the city, both as a place of residence where "our socialists are not unsocial, our vegetarians are not wanting in humanity, and our Christians do not hate one another," and also as the home of thriving industries. Letchworth, it seems, bids fair "to become a not unimportant centre of the book-trade." Other articles in this first number are on "The Syrian Desert," by Dr. Adrian Fortescue; "On Choosing a Site," by W. H. Burrow; and "The Civic Spirit," by Miss Hope Rea. The price of *The City* is sixpence net each number, or a yearly subscription of 5s. net.

THE November Calendar of the Unitarian Free Church, Wellington, New Zealand, tells of a hopeful annual meeting on October 21. The church register has a list of 198 names, and the year ended with a balance on the right side. The building site for the new church has been secured in Ingestre-street, and the purchase money, £1,287, has been paid. Towards the building a further sum of £558 was reported in hand, and it was hoped that building operations would be immediately begun. A warm tribute was paid to Dr. and Mrs. Tudor Jones for their indefatigable labours in raising money for the church. The report also contained the welcome announcement that, in consequence of the earnest representations of the committee, Dr. Tudor Jones had consented to stay in Wellington for some time longer, after the expiration of his three years' engagement next April.

Of all God's gifts of intellect, he esteemed poetical genius the most transcendent. He esteemed it in himself as a kind of inspiration, and wrote his great works with something of the conscious dignity of a prophet. We agree with Milton in his estimate of poetry. It seems to us the divinest of all arts; for it is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment which is deepest and sublimest in human nature; we mean, of that thirst or aspiration to which no mind is wholly a stranger, for something purer and lovelier, something more powerful, lofty, and thrilling, than ordinary and real life affords. No doctrine is more common among Christians than that of man's immortality; but it is not so generally understood that the germs or principles of his whole future being are now wrapped up in his soul, as the rudiments of the future plant in the seed. As a necessary result of this constitution, the soul, possessed and moved by these mighty though infant energies, is perpetually stretching beyond what is present and visible, struggling against the bounds of its earthly prison-house, and seeking relief and joy in imaginings of unseen and ideal being.—*Channing on Milton.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications have been received from the following:—V. E. C., E. J. D., C. G., F. E. M., P. P., W. R., A. T., F. T., J. W., P. H. W.

MILTON'S OWN WORD.

SIR,—In your kindly appreciative notice of my little book on *Milton*, you note "two slips in quotation." One of these I contritely acknowledge, and trust that Wordsworth and his readers will pardon the inadvertent "lived" that should be "dwelt." But the other (with your leave) is not a slip, and your reference raises an interesting point.

By way of making this point quite clear, let me remind your readers that in 1673, the year before his death, the poet issued a collection of his shorter poems, chiefly reprinted from the 1645 edition, but adding nine sonnets and some other pieces. Four of his best known sonnets, however, owing to political circumstances, were not then published. They are those addressed to Fairfax, Cromwell, and Vane, and that one to Cyriack Skinner, in which he alludes to having lost his sight, "In liberty's defence, my noble task." Edward Phillips, the poet's nephew, was the first publisher of these four sonnets, which appear as an appendix to his *Memoir of Milton*, published in 1694.

In illustration of Milton's moods in 1655, I quoted from this Skinner sonnet, and printed the "curious form" which you note as a mistake. I did so with full intention, although against the reading printed by that incomparable editor, Masson—whether justifiably must be judged after considering Masson's own note on the sonnet (*Milton's Poetical Works*, 3 vol. edition, 1896), which reads:—"My noble task of which all Europe rings." Only in this case have I adopted a reading from Phillips's printed copy of 1694. In the Cambridge draft of the sonnet, as dictated by Milton, the word is 'talks,' not 'rings,' and I have no doubt 'talks' is what Milton himself would have printed. But the word 'rings,' substituted by Phillips, probably because the first line of the sonnet to Fairfax ['Whose name in arms through Europe rings'] was still echoing in his ears, has so recommended itself by its energy, and has become so identified with the passage by frequent quotation, that no editor has had the heart to return to 'talks.'"

I hope it was not too hardy of me, not being an editor, but simply a devout admirer, to use Milton's own word, instead of his worthy nephew's.

W. G. TARRANT.

THE Committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, we are informed, at their meeting on December 9, considered the resolution passed at the annual meeting of the Provincial Assembly of Lancashire and Cheshire, last June, urging the Association and the National Conference jointly to summon a representative meeting of the churches "to consider how to secure a better adjustment of our denominational organisations." The committee decided that it was not at present necessary to take any action in the direction indicated. The committee have in view the preparation of a memorandum dealing with the principles and work of the Association, which they purpose issuing to members, district societies, congregations, and ministers in the early part of next year.

IN THE CROW'S NEST.

It is foggy, they write, in England. How can it be foggy anywhere in the world? The late post-sledges tinkle past the Pfarrhaus, and as I go through the keen air to fetch what they may have brought me, the moon rises over Val-paschun, and creates a cold heaven of beautiful, cruel peaks round this sea of pines.

Papers from foggy England, and among them an *INQUIRER*, with eight articles, three poems and a page of notes all devoted to John Milton. A whole Milton number—and there lies my idle pen. Nay, but I must yield my tribute too, for I was cradled and breeched and schooled in Milton. The voice whose sound was like the sea, revealed to me, long before I knew passion, what is meant by sublimity. It was so original, so native in my young life that it seems to have had no beginning, and yet how well I remember the incidence of its greater billows. *Vastius insurgens decimae ruit impetus undae.* Eight years old I was when "Then amid the hymns and hallelujahs of saints . . ." rolled up from the great deep, to reverberate life-long in the caves of memory. How can I express the enlargement, the uplifting, wrought by its noble syllables? I went to school with half-timers in the pits and mills, who wore clogs and spoke dialect, and half killed me before I learned to do likewise. True, there were daffodils even under that pall of smoke, and there was music, too, in the little choir where I sang alto, to the strains of wood-wind and fiddles. But the clouds opened with a great blue breaking, and life grew grander, solemn and yet exultant, at the call of sounds like these. "When they, undoubtedly, that by their labours, counsels, and prayers have been earnest for the common good of religion and their country, shall receive, above the inferior orders of the blessed, the regal addition of sceptres, principalities, and thrones into their glorious titles, and in supereminence of beatific vision, progressing the dateless and irrevolvable cycle of eternity, shall clasp inseparable hands with joy and bliss in overmeasure, for ever."

Take note, I heard this: I did not read it. And so I was not perplexed by the "negroes of perdition" who came in by way of pendent. Some of it, the mere sense, was beyond my years, and I remember well how my father explained to me what was meant by the dateless and irrevolvable cycle of eternity. I was walking on his left hand towards Pendlebury. It was after this, but not long after, that the huge longing of the saint came to supplement and expound his ecstatic hope. "Come forth from thy royal chambers, O prince of all the kings of the earth! Put on thy robe of infinite righteousness, take up that eternal sceptre which thy immortal father hath bequeathed thee, for now the voice of thy bride calls thee, and all creatures sigh to be renewed."² But in those days I never could say these last words, except in my mind, for my lad's voice would not bear the weight of them.

The moon is high in the heavens already, and her still glory on the whole semicircle of mountains, from Piz Chavalatsch to Piz Turettas, is unspeakable. Four

years ago I had never seen sublimity like this; but it was not strange to me. I had heard it, from childhood on, in Milton's speech.

The Moxon with a green cover wherein I browsed at large—Paradise Lost and Samson were in tune with the glorious prose. So were the sonnets. Comus and the earlier poems led me into a new world of grace. Only Lycidas and Paradise Regained were not yet for me—this treasure was given me on my tenth birthday. And I was eleven years old when I made my Milton pilgrimage to Breadstreet and Cripplegate, and to the site of the Mermaid Tavern, not because Ben Jonson and Shakespeare had drunk and laughed inside, but because Johnny Milton might once and again have stood to listen, or looked in at the door.

Milton, you see, was a licensed happiness. My way to Shakespeare was more devious. In a certain upper chamber dwelt Bickersteth's Commentary on the Bible, and I went aloft, on Sunday afternoons, ostensibly to suck divine wisdom at that gracious fount. It surprises me to remember that sometimes I really did read Bickersteth—or perhaps it was only the text. But I had discovered in the same upper chamber an incomplete Shakespeare, in parts, with Sir John Gilbert's pictures. You could only read one part at a time, and it was quite easily hidden under the big Bickersteth, if need arose. Thus, in stealth and sin, I won another world. So far as I remember, Shakespeare, or at least some of him, would have been allowed on a week-day, but was not a Sunday book. Hence it happened that I held converse with him in that period, exclusively on Sundays. (I hope nobody will put me into the Children's Column as an awful warning.)

But with Milton 'twas otherwise, for we were Puritans, with a great hatred of Dr. Pusey and all his works; and Milton and Bunyan were as books in the Bible. True, both the Bible and John Milton are much more human to me now than in my childhood. I have read the Latin tracts, and knew to what vileness of Ciceronian Billingsgate the God-gifted organ-voice could lend itself. Those passages are sonorous, like the imprecatory Psalms, but base and bad. Yet there is one vice from which, in distinction from similar work of the age, they are free. Milton never lies.

Nobody in this number of the INQUIRER seems to have noticed what is, after all, the supreme trait in Milton's character: his strict, strenuous, devoted truthfulness. Yes, Mr. Stopford Brooke; I thought he could not miss it.

"Sing, to set us free
From idols of the mart and cave; to live
For honour, truth, and Faith."

It is the key to Milton's life. He refused to assume the orders for which he had been educated because they must be "bought with forswearing." He was an impracticable thinker, of little use as a party man, because he never would think in accordance with convenience, but always sought the truth. The force of his work in controversy derives from the fact that he would say nothing but what he honestly

meant. His greatest tract is Areopagitica, not only because it is a plea for truth against policy, but also because John Milton is here speaking for himself alone, and not as the mouthpiece of any section. As for his task-work, it would have been better done, perhaps, by a less truthful man; but Latinists like Milton were scarce. When I was at Oxford I possessed copies of the first editions of Milton's Defence of the English People, "My noble task, of which all Europe rings from side to side," and of the Defence against Morus; and neither of them had ever been read through, for in places a paper-knife was still needed. Did Europe really ring so much as the blind poet thought? If not, let us bless the kindly illusion, for his sake and ours, since it has given us one of the noblest of sonnets.

The token of Milton's truthfulness which is most noticeable because ubiquitous in his work, is his use of words. Shakespeare and Milton are our two greatest artists in words, and how splendidly contrasted! Shakespeare burns his way through the language, fusing it into new shapes to express that huddled race of images which constituted, or accompanied, his thought. Strike him open at random. Says Cleopatra, "His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm"—instantly flashes upon her the image of the mailed arm upraised with clenched fist, that stands as crest over many an old blazon: ay, but this arm of Antony's—"Crested the world." What insolent triumph of expression! But Milton goes otherwise to work. To him a word is a thing already existent, a thing in history, the outward and audible sign of an inward and intellectual meaning. He who would think truly must think exactly. He who would speak truly must utter, for each exact thought, the word which exactly expresses it. Therefore all words must be scrutinised, weighed, measured, traced through their historic usage, so that a man may know just what they mean, how little, how much, in what quality, with what connotation, and may use them correctly. There is no insolence in his wielding of language, but there is triumph; the sustained victory of a trained truthfulness. Studying his wording, we learn what a real, active virtue this truthfulness is, how finely, to what fine issues, it may be cultivated. By the side of Shakespeare's purple tyranny over our tongue this may seem but a sober merit. The pleasure it gives a reader is not like that of the avalanche, the leaping fish, the meteor, and such sudden flashes of nature, but like that of a light breeze, fragrant of moor and sea, which brings new refreshment with every gentle gust. Paradise Regained is one long luxury of felicitous speech, one long schooling in truthful thought.

Alas! I have no Milton here. Those two tall octavos with Harvey's drawings, as well as the tiny tomes in green calf which my grandmother gave my grandfather on their wedding day, have passed beyond my ken. If I had a Milton I would strike him open at random, as I did just now with Shakespeare, and take the first sentence I saw as an example. Then you might see how consistent is austere truthfulness with the leap of poetic insight, how near it sometimes brings him to very Shakespeare, while still it preserves his own high

distinction of style. "... A noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks." ... Why invincible? Because the strong man is Samson, whose strength is obedience to God, and so long as he wears the symbol of his obedience no power can overcome him. But take any passage in any writing of Milton's, pause on his words, try to choose better, ask why he chose thus: it is an exercise in a moral art, as well as in good writing.

This was one half of Milton. The other was his inborn genius for rhythm. The Miltonic majesty is there—not yet mature, but beyond mistaking there—in his earliest work, in his college exercises. You hear it in "Rivers arise, whether thou be the son . . ." in "What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones . . ." in those unfinished stanza poems, which he was wise to abandon. Those who lack patience with his Latin syntax and call his prose cumbrous have never read his prose, as it should be read, by ear. It is really all verse, if ordered rhythm be verse:—

Whereby this great and warlike nation
Instructed and inured to the fervent and
continual practice
Of truth and righteousness,

And casting far from her the rags of her
whole vices,
Shall press on hard to that high and
happy emulation,

To be found the soberest, wisest, and most
Christian people in that day
When thou, the eternal and shortly-ex-
pected king,

Shalt open the clouds to judge the several
nations of the world,
And, distributing national honours to
religious and just commonwealths,

Shalt lay aside all earthly tyrannies,
Proclaiming thy universal and mild
monarchy
Through heaven and earth.

If you know how to read it, this prose rolls irresistibly to its destined period, thought, feeling and sound wrought into consummate harmony.

What a strange, subtle power this rhythm has! In passages of Paradise Lost, where my faulty memory has dropped a phrase or two, a line or two, I am carried on by the rhythm as by a buoyant tide from island to island. The peal of the Miltonic vowels is lost, but the shape of every phrase, the pause, the intonation lives on without its content. Then when I find the words again, what a happy surprise they always bring—so apt, so congruous, so true. I think that nothing except Milton's trained truthfulness of language could have sustained the Olympian grandeur of Milton's rhythm.

But chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and
pure,
Instruct me!

The prayer was neither insincere nor unanswered. Milton's upright heart and pure has built for itself a worthy temple, wherein the language of earnest truth is sublime music.

E. W. LUMMIS.

Fuldera, Dec. 9.

PEACE.

White lilies, and a silver cord,
Balm in the breast that knew the sword,
Gentleness, honouring Love, her Lord;

Fair hands that bless the bread of life
After long agony and strife;
Sweet Peace, that Valour takes for wife;

Delicate breath of all pure things,
Beauty and bloom of leaves and wings,
The tremor of a heart that sings;

From the spilt blood that man hath shed,
From the strewn ashes of the dead,
Something was born, when all is said!

A fairer thing than wrath and hate,
To bring the world, grown desolate,
With war and death, a lovelier fate.

White lilies and a silver cord,
These for the spear, and axe, and sword,
That wrought the pain of Love the Lord:

These, and the hearts of men allied,
Shall draw the nations from their pride,
Casting unholpen greed aside;

Till Life, in whose sweet bosom stirs
Beauty not wholly born of hers,
Shall bless and praise the peacemakers.

LAURA ACKROYD.

THE MAKING OF MEN.*

THIS book on "Working Lads' Clubs" I advise all fellow-workers among boys to procure, for they will find it a guide upon almost all matters relating to its subject. It contains an eminently practical discussion, first, of the history of the lads' club movement, and, secondly, of the experience gleaned by the authors, who possess an intimate knowledge of the work on which they write.

What is the aim of the lads' club? The authors answer, "The making of men." They believe they can show that to a cheering extent the aim has been realised in practice, and few, having read the book, will throw doubt on their belief. They tell us of the first clubs, and why they were started—not merely to remove turbulent elements from the streets and to keep the members out of vicious haunts, but to *arouse and meet* the needs of the boys. They deal carefully with the comparative value and success of small and large clubs, of those connected and those having no connection with religious bodies, and they consider the many problems inseparable from such work. They discuss such matters as Equipment, Discipline, Games, Camps, Labour Bureaux, &c., and they add a copious appendix giving reproductions of forms for use in all the various branches of a club's activity—the whole providing us with an invaluable encyclopædia on the subject.

Mr. Russell has long been looked upon as an expert in this branch of social work. As secretary to the Manchester Battalion of the Boys' Brigade, his articles in the *B.B. Gazette* have been numerous, and they always reveal the writer as a lover of

boys, one who has found his way into the inner mysteries of their nature. His work as secretary of the Ancients Lads' Club in Manchester is also well known, as is his book on "Manchester Boys," and (with Miss Rigby) "The Making of the Criminal."

In his writing one thought is often found, and it recurs at intervals throughout this book—a thought behind which lies the spirit of the shepherd in the parable, who "goes after that which is lost, until he find it."

"There is one aim," he says, "with which boys' clubs have been started . . . which seems invariably doomed to a large measure of failure. . . . Club after club has been started with the declared aim of trying to civilise the very roughest or very lowest lads of a district. At first the results may seem fairly successful. The roughest lads . . . do come, and, after heroic struggles on the part of the founders of the club, those who remain do become civilised. But as soon as they are civilised the club is no longer a rough boys' club, but a club with a standard of respectability which frightens away new members of the primitive type."

Not only here, but throughout the book, the club worker will thus find clearly mirrored the difficulties which he has himself experienced. But surely the authors are unduly despondent in regard to this matter in particular. If Mr. Russell starts a club with fifty uncouth lads and transforms them into fifty "Ancients" lads, by discipline, wholesome occupation, and the power of his friendship, he no doubt finds at the end of, say, two years that he has "no longer a rough boys' club"—praise be!—but his work stands as a challenge to others to enter upon a like heroic task, and to do what he has shown to be possible, while the influence of his converts upon the lower-type boys of the district is incalculable.

He further holds, however, that the newly acquired "respectability" of the members cripples the managers in any further attempts to "go after that which is lost." The difficulty undoubtedly does exist, but it is not insuperable. Compare the heterogeneous elements that go to make up the recruit squad of a company of soldiers with the disciplined and well-ordered ranks of a regiment. But the regiment draws its members from the recruit squad. The same recruit stage may be used when the Brigade method is adapted to boys' clubs; it leaves, or ought to leave, an ever-open door for new members of the lower type, and the esprit-de-corps fostered by the same method is a tool in the hands of the club managers.

I remember a boy of a low type who joined such a "company." It was found that he was quite unable to provide for himself the simple accoutrements worn by all members. He was about to leave—the company was too respectable. His fellow squad-members met and discussed the situation, their motto being "The utmost for the good of the squad," and by subscription the accoutrements were procured.

If in a club each member joins merely for "what he can get," there is ample scope for the development of snobbishness and selfishness; but if there is brought into being among the members that esprit-

de-corps with which Brigade workers are happily familiar, then the prig can find no abiding-place in that brotherhood. Gradually there grows in the minds of the lads a higher than the squad motto, "The utmost for the good of the company," and there are further stages. But some of us believe that this sphere of club work is the training-ground for the citizens of the pure and efficient democracy that is to be, where each will give his "utmost for the Highest," his best for the good of the whole, all under one banner—in Chester-tonian phrase, the Flag of the World.

A word must be said in reference to the authors' ideal of co-ordination of the various organisations which come under the category of lads' clubs. So long as the managers of clubs are impelled to their work by differing and divergent aims, it would seem that co-ordination must come but slowly. For to co-operate there must assuredly be an underlying aim and spirit common to those who unite. And if our authors are right in stating that the object of such clubs is to bring forth all that is best in their members, then we are further justified in the suggestion that throughout all the best work of this kind there must be infused the spirit of religion, with its call to the lads to recognise and to give full expression to the divine within them. Neither by complete separation of the clubs from the churches, nor by looking upon the former as mere feeders for the ranks of particular theological sects, but by the universal dedication of all such work to the cause of pure and undefiled religion, will extensive co-ordination become possible.

JOHN C. BALLANTYNE.

HALL CAINE'S LITERARY LIFE.*

TWENTY-SIX years ago, in 1882, Mr. Hall Caine published his "Recollections of Rossetti," in which he gave his impressions of the poet, then recently deceased, whose house-mate he had been during the last year of his life. In the volume before us this story is newly told, revised, extended, and largely re-written in such form as to leave the author himself, rather than the poet, in the centre of the stage. The account of his friendship with Rossetti occupies rather more than one-half of the book, which forms its second part, the first part dealing with the author's youth up to the time of his introduction to the poet, and the last with a portion of his later literary life and friendships. In no sense can it be regarded as an autobiography, save, perhaps, of his earliest years; its purpose seems rather to set forth the facts which have influenced his career, to pay due homage to those who have aided him, and, by a statement of his own struggles, to put new heart into those who are toiling with scanty recognition in the same field.

The first forty pages are in many respects the most valuable portion of the book, which tell of the early years wherein he obtained his impressions of the island whose first novelist he was to be. Nothing that Mr. Caine has written is more vivid or more tender than the account of his farmer-butcher uncle in his Garibaldian

* "Working Lads' Clubs." By Charles E. B. Russell and Lilian M. Rigby. (Macmillan & Co. 5s. net.)

* "My Story." By Hall Caine. (William Heinemann. 6s.)

red shirt, and of his grandmother and her home. It is a grandly simple life which is herein described, of a people who grew their own wool, spun it themselves into yarn, had it woven next door, and made up into clothing by a travelling tailor; whose food was grown on the spot or near it; and whose house, though the floor might be only of hard earth, was always bright and clean, and shining with welcome to all. "Poverty," says our author, "if it is sweet, and not bitter, is, in my view, a condition far more blessed of God than wealth, bringing human hearts closer together in mutual dependence and brotherhood. I think that is why the poor are so good to each other, and when I remember the intimacies of my own earlier days, both in my grandmother's house and in my mother's, my rapturous joy in the possession of little things, I am almost sorry for our children, because they were born to a condition of life which I had worked so hard to make better than my own." The whole of this account of life in the Isle of Man fifty years ago is of the utmost value and interest.

A later section of the story deals with his early struggles in Liverpool, first as apprentice to an architect, then as assistant to a builder, the chief value of both situations consisting in the leisure they left him for literary work. His first efforts in this direction were in conjunction with Wm. Tirebuck and others, who founded a manuscript magazine, of which one number was actually printed at the expense of one of the youthful contributors. Ten thousand copies were struck off, and not one sold; its principal contents were a lengthy blank-verse poem by Hall Caine and a glowing appreciation of it by his friend. His next literary venture was as an anonymous contributor of articles "on religious and economic questions of the largest conceivable range" to a *Manx* newspaper; and then came articles in *The Builder* and *Building News* on architectural subjects, which gained him the praise of Ruskin; and the founding of the Liverpool "Notes and Queries" Society, which we are told had Notes in plenty, but whose only Queries came from the landlords, and dealt always with one subject—rent. But to this society men like Ashcroft Noble and William Watson belonged, and doubtless it was due to Mr. Caine's connection with it that he was asked to deliver the Free Library lecture on Rossetti, which brought him his friendship with its subject.

The long, sad story of Rossetti's last year of life may be dismissed briefly. It contains several features which may give rise to controversy, noticeably the account of the circumstances attending the recovery of the poems from his wife's coffin, and the horrible impression it leaves of the poet's enslavement to the drug chloral. It is perhaps a little too dramatic in the telling, and some may be inclined to complain that Mr. Caine is the hero of it rather than Rossetti. But it is full of tender recognition of the great kindness of the poet-painter's regard, and of his influence in the framing of the novelist's career.

The third and final part of the book is concerned with the author's later life and friendships. As these included men like John Ruskin, Robert Buchanan, R. D. Blackmore, T. E. Brown, and Wilkie

Collins, it cannot but be interesting reading. There is not one slightest touch of the sycophant about the story of his intimacy with these men, but only grateful remembrance of their kindness and sympathetic criticism. We hear much of the envy and jealousy of great writers; here is evidence of the willingness, even the eagerness, of the veterans to help and encourage the young who are to occupy the places they fill. The sympathy which has been meted out to him, Mr. Caine extends to others who have been less fortunate than himself. "Keep a good heart," he says, "even if you have to knock in vain at many doors and kick about the backstairs of the house of letters. There is room enough inside."

F. T.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.*

THE name of Samuel Butler stands in our literature for satire. In the more modern instance, that of the author of "Erewhon," it represents a man whose masterpiece, "the best of its kind since 'Gulliver,'" procured a fame which prevented the just recognition of his versatile genius. In the case of the author of "Hudibras," a work after its kind as immortal as "Don Quixote," it represents one whose reputation for his great poetical travesty eclipsed the praise which his prose satires merited. We have now given to us, through the enterprise of the Cambridge University Press, what is virtually a complete collection of his more personal sketches in a volume fully entitled "Characters and Passages from Note-Books." It comes as a companion to "Hudibras," published three years ago in the English Classics, a series of editions which, for the enormous care expended over the accuracy of their texts, should become standard works of reference; they have the claim of being definitive. To it later will be added "Remains," in prose and verse, and this, for the first time, will supply us with a complete Butler.

Readers acquainted with Butler's prose pieces, in Thyer's edition or in Morley's selections, will welcome this volume of "Characters." Thyer's work is supervised by the general editor of the series, that most assiduous literary textualist, Mr. A. R. Waller; but what, by reason of its first publication, may be regarded as the chief contribution the book makes is that portion transcribed from the original MS. by Miss Edith J. Morley. To their labours Mr. George Brown has added that of reference to the originals and of checking the proof-sheets. Butler's spelling, wherever possible, has been retained—a laudable course adopted generally in the series—and the reader can see his work in print much as the author saw it in manuscript; he has a book with the chief value of a first edition—viz., that it brings him nearer to the author than a "modernized" edition can, and preserves a flavour which usually in a popular reprint is dissipated and lost.

The significance of Butler as a writer of prose pieces is that he is, even in his more casual sketches, an anatomist not only of "characters," the seedy and dubious gentlemen of his time, but of character; there goes with his dissection

of men a perception of man, and behind his criticism of human institutions there lurks the wisdom of correction. Such qualities we expect in the work of great writers of satire; where they are wanting we often discover only virulent invective and indiscriminating impudence. We confess that for the delineation of certain types of human character we have a preference, probably by reason of a long liking, for John Earle's crisp sketches in his "Microcosmography." Butler is less direct and compact in his descriptions, but he displays on his wider canvas in a way Earle could not anticipate characteristics which have a full humour or a complete contemptibility.

The "Characters" is a book which an ordinary man probably will not peruse thoroughly—a little of its quality goes far; but he may dip into it and dabble about in it with pleasure and profit. He will find innumerable delightful passages. Thus, of "The Small Poet" the author declares: "When he writes, he commonly steers the Sense of his Lines by the Rhime that is at the End of them, as Butchers do Calves by the Tail. For when he has made one Line, which is easy enough; and has found out some sturdy hard Word, that will but rhyme, he will hammer the Sense upon it, like a Piece of hot Iron upon an Anvil, into what Form he pleases." Such an example is fairly typical of his use of the magnifying glass, which serves in a large number of cases to bring into clear focus the subjects of his banter, and ridicule, and condemnation. In not a few of his sketches his initial remarks completely "hit off" the characters. Thus, "The Inconstant has a vagabond Soul"—a piece of phraseology which combines accurate description with limitless suggestion. What, too, in a general way could be more apposite than his first comment on "A Translator" that he "dyes an Author, like an old Stuff, into a new Colour, but can never give it the Peanty and Lustre of the first Tincture"? Finely-cut phrases and expressions abound in this book, and the best gem is that set amid much criticism of the Roman religion: "Repentant Teares are the Waters upon which the Spirit of God moves." These extracts must serve, or we should be led to extensive quotation, in illustration of Butler's incisive wit, his derision of shams, and his laughter over a thousand remediable foibles of mankind.

WILLIAM C. HALL.

TREATMENT OF THE INSANE.*

Is our treatment of the insane, in this country, humane, reasonable, and effective? No student of the subject can say it is. It is inhumane, and provocative of the very evil it attempts to cure. The costly institutions called asylums in this country, upon which the money of the ratepayers is lavished, directly foster insanity. The methods of dealing with the disease directly encourage it. No wonder its increase should be so rapid! No wonder that as soon as one asylum is completed the plans must be submitted

* Samuel Butler: Characters. Pp. 490. (Cambridge University Press. 4s. 6d. net.)

* "The Boarding Out of the Insane in Private Dwellings." By R. Cunyngham Brown, M.D. (Adlard & Son, Bartholomew Close, E.C.)

for another! Experts have long known this, but the general public is slow of apprehension, partly because insanity is a subject tabooed in general conversation. John Charles Bucknill, M.D., F.R.S., Lord Chancellor's Visitor of Lunatics, Lumsian Lecturer on the Law of Insanity, and with other qualifications too numerous to mention, opened the eyes of a few in 1880 by his book on "The Care of the Insane and their Legal Control." "How long," he exclaimed, "will morbidly sensitive minds be subjected without dire necessity to trials which even the strongest cannot endure without danger and disaster?" That question, that cry wrung from the heart, not of a sentimental trifler, but of a man of science, still sternly demands an answer, and, after all these years, in vain. Nine years later, in 1889, Sir John Batty Tuke contributed a scathing criticism of our asylum system to *The Nineteenth Century*; and Sir John Sibbald, in a paper on "The Treatment of Incipient Mental Disorder," contributed to *The Journal of Mental Science*, April, 1902, exposed a defect in the treatment of insanity which still calls for a remedy.

The paper before us has been reprinted from the July number of the same journal. It states, briefly and forcibly, the case for the boarding out of the insane in private dwellings. It is a subject upon which Dr. Cunyngham Brown can speak with the authority of special knowledge. In Belgium, where it originated, and in Holland, France, and Germany he investigated the system as Commissioner for the *British Medical Journal*. This experience, together with a careful study of the treatment of pauper lunatics in England and Wales, enabled him to give most valuable evidence before the Royal Commission on the Feeble-Minded, which has recently reported. The Commissioners' scheme, which is very thorough, owes much to his suggestions. His verdict upon the present state of things is as unfavourable as was that of Sir J. B. Tuke nearly twenty years ago, and the fact that in those twenty years the pauper insane have almost doubled adds a terrible emphasis to his strictures. "The overcrowding of asylums, largely due to the accumulation of chronic, incurable, senile and frequently bed-ridden patients, upon a large proportion of whom the expensive equipment of a modern asylum is merely thrown away, not only prejudices the recovery of acute and curable cases and increases the death-rates from asylum dysentery and tuberculosis, but it does much to impede the scientific study of insanity." To his criticism of the present state of things Dr. Brown adds some valuable information, including statistics, of the Family-Colony system as he saw it at work in the various countries which have been wise enough to adopt it. One of the first to do so was Scotland, which took the idea from Belgium. From Scotland the system passed to France, and from France to Russia; and from Belgium to Austria, Italy, Holland, and Scandinavia; while its most remarkable development has been in Germany. England has long lagged behind, but if the recommendations of the Royal Commission are carried out, this reproach will be removed.

CLEMENT E. PIKE.

SHORT NOTICES.

Messrs. A. & C. Black's Year-Books for 1909 are out in good time for Christmas. *Who's Who* (10s. net) still grows, in spite of the inevitable long obituary list. The new volume has 70 more pages than the last. It would be interesting, in addition to the obituary, to have a list of the new names added, that one might see at a glance how the world of distinction grows. Father Tyrrell's name, we notice, appears for the first time, but with only a very meagre biography, no list of publications, and no date, except in the statement, "for many years a member of the Society of Jesus, from which he separated on account of his sympathies with Modernism, 1906." The name of Mr. Richard D. Holt, M.P. for the Hexham Division, also appears for the first time. The name of his late father's country house at the Lakes needs correction, said to be in "West Morland." The *Who's Who Year-Book* (1s. net), with its many useful lists and tables, has some new features. There is a complete list of the Nobel Prizes awards, up to 1907, and also a list of the Newdigate Prizemen, who are still living. The list goes back to 1855, and there are 39 names, but one omission we note is that of Mr. Geoffrey Scott, of New College, whose poem on "The Death of Shelley" won the Newdigate in 1906. This year's prizeman was Mr. Julian S. Huxley, of Balliol. The *Englishwoman's Year-Book* (2s. 6d. net) for a wonder is smaller in compass than for some previous issues, for the Directory is omitted (except from the title-page). It is, however, to be re-incorporated next year. Miss Emily Janes has been obliged to relinquish the editorship, and her place is taken by Miss G. E. Mitton. Special interest attaches to the section on "Public Work" and the account of the progress of the suffrage movement. The Year-Book as a whole is invaluable to women workers, and would-be workers. The *Writers' and Artists' Year-Book* (1s. net) is for men and women alike a most useful guide. Women who are seeking to make their way in literature will find some wise counsel on that subject in their own Year-Book also.

Two goodly volumes on *London Churches, Ancient and Modern*, by T. Francis Bumpus, author of "The Cathedrals of England and Wales," amply illustrated with photographs, furnish a study of the deepest interest, revealing a wealth of interest both historical and architectural little suspected by those who have not searched the byways of the great city. The first series, after an introductory sketch of London Church architecture, tells of St. John's Chapel in the White Tower and of St. Bartholomew the Great, of the interiors of which there are good pictures, and so passes down the periods, Norman and Early English, Decorated, Early Renaissance, to the Churches of Sir Christopher Wren. At St. Giles', Cripplegate, we find not only the Milton interest, but memorials of John Foxe, the Martyrologist, Frobisher, and others. Lancelot Andrews, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, was appointed Vicar of St. Giles' in 1589. The second series deals with churches of the era of Classicism (1700-1830), and of the Gothic Revival period, to the present time. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net each volume.)

Among other books we have received also the following:—

My Quest for God. By John Trevor. Second edition with a new preface. (Postal Pub. Co., Horsted Keynes, Sussex. 5s. net.)

Autobiography. By John Stuart Mill. New edition. (Longmans, Green & Co. 3s. 6d. net, and paper cover ed. without portrait, 6d. net.)

Liberal and Mystical Writings of William Law, with an Introduction by William Scott Palmer. (Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.)

Missions to Hindus, a Contribution to the Study of Missionary Methods. By Dr. Louis George Milne, Bishop of Bombay, 1876-97. (Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.)

My Belief. Answers to Certain Religious Difficulties. By R. F. Horton, D.D. (James Clarke & Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Christ and the Nation, Westminster and other Sermons. By Canon H. Hensley Henson. (Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

The Story of Quakerism. By Elizabeth Braithwaite Emmott. (Headley Bros., 3s. 6d. net. Popular edition, 1s. net.)

Atonement and Progress. By Newton N. Marshall, M.A., Ph.D., author of "Theology and Truth," &c. (James Clarke & Co. 2s. net.)

The Incarnate Purpose, Essays on the Spiritual Unity of Life. By G. H. Percival. (Williams & Norgate. 1s. 6d. net.)

Letters from a Mystic of the Present Day. By Rowland W. Corbet, M.A. Fourth ed. (Elliot Stock. 3s. 6d.)

The Spirit in the New Testament, an Inquiry and Survey of the Evidence. By Edward W. Winstanley, B.D. (Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d. net.)

Annie Besant. An Autobiography, with a new Preface. Cheap edition. (Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

Charles Bradlaugh. A Record of his Life and Work. By his daughter Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner. Seventh Impression. (Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche. By Henry L. Mencken. (Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d. net.)

Friedrich Nietzsche, his Life and Work. By M. A. Mügge. (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Brahmins, Theists, and Muslims of India. By John Campbell Oman. (Fisher Unwin. 14s. net.)

Cults, Customs, and Superstitions of India. Being a revised edition of "Indian Life, Religious and Social." By John Campbell Oman. (Fisher Unwin. 14s. net.)

The Golden Sayings of the Blessed Brother Giles of Assisi. Translated and edited, with a sketch of his life, by Father Paschal Robinson. (Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

Tramps Round the Mountains of the Moon and through the Back Gate of the Congo State. By T. Broadwood Johnson, M.A., F.R.G.S. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

Courses of Study. Edited by J. M. Robertson, M.P. Second edition, revised and expanded. (Watts & Co. 6s. net.)

Social Service. A Handbook for Workers and Visitors in London and other large Towns. With Appendix of Local Charitable Agencies. Edited by the Rev. G. M. Bell, with a Preface by the Bishop of Stepney. (Longmans, Green & Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

Authority and the Light Within. By Edward Grubb, M.A., author of "Social Aspects of the Quaker Faith." (James Clarke & Co. 2s. net.)

Concerning Christ. Sonnet and Song, by Clara Swain Dickens. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.)

The Hidden Gift and other Poems, by "Kalamos." (Spottiswoode & Co. 2s. net.)

Lessons for the Day, by Moncure D. Conway. Cheap edition. Watts & Co. 6d. net.)

An Indian Study of Love and Death, by the Sister Nivedita of Ramakrishni. Vivekananda. (Longmans. 2s. net.)

Psychical Research and the Resurrection, by James H. Hyslop, Ph.D., LL.D., formerly Professor of Ethics and Logic in Columbia University. (Fisher Unwin, 5s. net.)

God's Message through Modern Doubt, by the Rev. E. Aldom French. (Duckworth & Co., 2s. 6d. net.)

Tales from Spenser, by R. W. Grace, with twelve illustrations by Helen S. Kück. (Fisher Unwin, 5s.)

A Man's Vengeance, and Other Poems, by George Barlow. (H. J. Glaisher, 2s. 6d. net.)

The Churches and Usury; or, The Morality of Five per Cent., by H. Shields Rose. (T. Sealey Clark.)

Miracles and Myths of the New Testament, by Joseph May. (Philip Green, 5, Essex-street, Strand, 1s. 6d. net.)

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE CHILD KING.

WAS it a dream? The great oak logs crackled and blazed on the wide open hearth, and the glow of the flames as they rose and fell lit up the dim recesses of a great shadowy building whose proportions I could but vaguely trace, but whose huge beams overhead and high walls, decorated with laurel and holly, suggested some great baronial hall. Round about the fire stood or sat a semicircle of men and women, laughing and chatting in merry tune, and now and again faces would be turned this way or that, and greetings would be given to a newcomer. It was the Christmas Eve rehearsal of the Guild of Noel at the ancient hostelry known as "The Sign of the Child."

Presently, in a lull in the conversation, a sweet mother, who had been patiently awaiting her opportunity, looked round with a smile and said, "Shall we now sing of the Child King?" At once there was a settling down on stools and high-backed benches, while some of the men remained standing. I learnt that it was the custom of this company to meet thus from year to year to celebrate the Child.

Forthwith one rose and sang a song of how the Child King had appeared with his army and spread his troops all round the shores of a certain country, and how they had dug trenches and thrown up redoubts in the sands and built and stormed castles, while the tides rattled on the stones and the artillery of the waves thundered; and how, at the end of the summer campaign, the victorious army had gone back to Homeland carrying with them gigantic spoils of health and happiness; treasures of the rocks and tales of the sea; of adventures on the deep, of captures of silvery fish and awesome crabs;

of converse with the friendly tribe of fishermen, that amiable people; of distant visions of warlike fleets and rich argosies as they sailed by or disappeared over the horizon, leaving a vanishing trail of smoke behind.

After that there was a ballad with a chorus that told of how all the things in the world were once dissatisfied and unhappy. They complained that they were not understood; and what was the use of existing without being appreciated by anyone? So they summoned a council and fell into debate as to how they could get themselves properly respected. They decided, first, to send a deputation to the King; but these soon returned, saying that the King and his courtiers scarce deigned to take any notice of them. They did not consider it manners to do so. The embassy went next to the Prime Minister and his Cabinet and to the members of Parliament, who listened to their plea most politely, expressing great interest; but they all said that, except during the holidays, when they would see what could be done, they really had no opportunity, since all their time was taken up with talking and listening and going to parties and going to sleep. Once more, therefore, the deputation returned in low spirits. They met with no better reception at the hands of the Mayor and Corporation. As they passed along the street they broached the subject to the people in the shops, but these only smiled or ignored them entirely, or even treated them with contempt. Finally, having met with no success, one of their number proposed that they should go and find the Child King and ask him if he would honour their appeal. They found him by the side of a stream with several of his ministers of state making a dam and a water-wheel. Having heard their request, he assured them that nothing would please him better; in fact, he and his subjects were at present hard at work finding out the meaning of all sorts of things. His counsellors could not agree with the conditions for understanding some things, however, as it appeared that it would involve remaining indoors longer than might suit their health. But on the whole the reply of the Child King was encouraging. Better still, the manner in which His Majesty's promise has been carried out is worthy of all praise, since there is scarce an art or science known but the King and his intrepid followers have proved themselves pioneer explorers therein. So the deputation returned to the Council of Things-in-General, and ever since increasing satisfaction has been felt by the honourable members at the way in which their virtues have been recognised. The only complaints that were heard were from some—such as the Latin Verbs, a tiresome race—that they did not receive as much attention as other people—such as Postage Stamps and Boats—while sundry individuals were of opinion that the pace might be quickened all round.

The great hall was full of people now. In the intervals between the songs and recitations there was much merriment and laughter. When there was a chorus all joined in, and the ancient walls rang with the volume of sound. Many old familiar Christmas carols were sung. Then a tall man with a thoughtful, benevolent face

recited the ballad of "The Opening of the Door," in which the story goes that once upon a time a certain King started to build a magnificent cathedral, such as should surpass in beauty and wonder all the churches and temples upon earth. Throughout his long reign he devoted himself to this noble object, spending the wealth of his kingdom freely upon it, and employing in its erection the most renowned builders and sculptors in the world. But so great was the undertaking that he died before it was finished. His son and successor carried it on in the same spirit as his father until he died. At length, in the reign of his grandson, it was completed. Then came the opening ceremony by the King in state, and the consecration by the Archbishop. The glorious day seemed as though with joyful excitement it could not close its eyes the night before and must needs be up and about, setting the birds a-singing on every bush and the larks exulting in the sky an hour before the early summer dawn. At the blink of day a multitude began to collect on the wide level space round the mighty cathedral. By-and-by came cavalcades of princes and nobles and soldiers, and solemn gorgeous processions of bishops and priests and singers. All these took their places in front of the great western doors and waited for the King. At last, amid music and banners and cheering of the people and pealing of the bells, he arrived and proceeded to unlock the door. But, alas! Where was the key? The Archbishop had it not, nor the Cardinal, nor the Marshal. Messengers were despatched to search in every likely and unlikely place, and high officials consulted together, but all in vain. Nor could an entry be effected by any other door, for they were all fastened from within. The vast multitude were about to disperse to their homes in disappointment and vexation, when a little lad in a blue smock, who had all this time been creeping through the crowd until he reached the front, called out "This is the way!" and, placing a key which he held in the keyhole of a very small door at the foot of one of the towers, he opened it and disappeared within. At this the King cried, "Let us follow!" But the princes and bishops would fain have held him back from passing through so mean a passage, but he would not be restrained, and, casting aside his splendid robe, and taking off his crown and bending low—for he was a tall, majestic man—he, not without difficulty, made his way through. There was nought for it now but that the bishops and the captains and the rest should do the like, unless in their pride, or for fear of spoiling their equipment, they refrained, for the King would have no other door opened that day.

Thus was the greatest cathedral in Christendom entered, and the prayers offered and praises sung. The little doorway in the tower was known ever after as "The Door of the Child," and over it was placed by the King's orders the image of a little lad in a smock, with bare head and feet, and a key in his hand, and underneath, cut in the stone, the legend, "I am the door," and under that, one word—"Except . . ."

H. M. LIVENS.

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LONDON, DECEMBER 26, 1908.

CHRISTMAS AND THE PASSING YEAR.

ONCE more the Calendar bids us write our final words for the closing year on the Eve of Christmas. And it is the happiest spirit in which to take our passing time, to concentrate upon the best things, which cannot pass away. Christmas is the festival of our abiding faith in the love, which is greatest of all, the Love which is over all, and which gives to us the power to overcome all evil with good, and to rise into the possession and the enjoyment of that life, which the passing things of our mortality cannot touch.

The Christmas joy is still a prophecy of what is to be, when peace and good will shall veritably rule in the brotherhood of man—a prophecy and a beautiful dream of which we do not tire, because it comes every year as a fresh impulse to our determined effort to extend its sway over ever wider fields of human intercourse. There are those that mock our faith and declare that there must always be conflict between class and class, pitted against one another in self-interest, and still more between nation and nation. They are the sowers of dissension and insane enmities, against which, not Christian faith alone, but common-sense and every instinct of a true humanity revolt. We are constantly being told, for instance, that between the two nations, Germany and Great Britain, it must ultimately come to war, because conflicting interests and passions are too strong for any restraining forces of reason and humanity. Such argument is a piece of preposterous and wicked nonsense, which could only lead at this time of day to the tragedy such a war would be, if both of these great nations, closely akin in blood and in ideals, choose wilfully in this matter to give place to the devil. An evil and a lying spirit, whether embodied in the subtle influence of financier, journalist, or politician, may work incalculable mischief, but the true manhood of the nation must be vigilant to resist, and to make a nobler temper of self-restraint, and mutual respect, and growing sympathy prevail. Much depends

upon the Christian Churches, which have the power, if only they will rise to the greatness of their opportunity, to fire the hearts of their people with a nobler ideal, and to set the higher interests of brotherhood and the happier spirit of mutual regard and helpfulness effectively over the old vindictive and self-assertive passions. One of the happiest auguries of a better future, truer to the Christian spirit, and the rejoicing of the Christmas festival, is in the growing solidarity of the forces of labour, throughout the civilised nations of Europe. The masses of the people, there seems good ground to hope, are beginning to see visions, and their crowning common-sense may yet prevail, when, through their leaders, they declare a determined purpose that war shall cease between comrade nations, and prove themselves strong enough to make that better will prevail. It will be a sad day for the churches if their voice is not also heard, strong and insistent on the same side, pleading for faith and brotherhood.

As we were pondering what should be our word in this last number of this year's INQUIRER, there came to us in a happy hour, a gift from across the Atlantic, another volume of Essays by Dr. S. M. CROTHERS, of Cambridge, Mass. "By the Christmas Fire" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. \$1.25). It is another delightful volume, to place beside those other two, "The Gentle Reader," and "The Pardoner's Wallet." There are five essays, one of which, on "Christmas and the Spirit of Democracy," appeared last year in *Everybody's Magazine*; the other four were first published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. One of these, on "The Ignominy of Being Grown-up." Some of us were privileged to hear as a lecture at the Oxford summer school for Sunday-school teachers, when Dr. CROTHERS was last in this country. If we quote a passage here from the first essay, it will serve a double purpose, to enforce what we were trying to say before we turned to Dr. CROTHERS' pages, and to share with our readers our pleasure in the possession of the book.

The essay is entitled "The Bayonet-Poker," and it begins with the quaint conceit of an old-fashioned British bayonet which the author picked up in a little shop in Birmingham for two shillings, and by fixing a short wooden handle into it, turned into a poker—this, as a parable of the better uses to which, if we only will, we can put the forces which make up so much of the substance of our life. It depends on the man, says Dr. CROTHERS.

"Here is my bayonet. A scientific gentleman, seeing it lying on my hearth, might construct a very pretty theory about its owner. A bayonet is made to stab with. It evidently implies a stabber. To this I could only answer, 'My dear sir,

do not look at the bayonet, look at me. Do I strike you as a person who would be likely to run you through, just because I happen to have the conveniences to do it with? Sit down by the fire, and we will talk it over, and you will see that you have nothing to fear. What the Birmingham manufacturer designed this bit of steel for was his affair not mine. When it comes to design, two can play at that game. What I use this for, you shall presently see."

And later in the essay Dr. CROTHERS asks:—

"Why has the reign of peace and goodwill upon the earth been so long delayed? We grow impatient to hear the bells

'Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand years of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.'

'Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand.'

"The answer must be that 'the valiant man and free' must, like everyone else, learn his business before he can expect to have any measure of success. The kindlier hand must be skilled by long practice before it can direct the vast social mechanism. The Fury in *SHELLEY's* 'Prometheus Unbound' described the predicament in which the world has long found itself—

'The good want power but to weep
barren tears.

The powerful goodness want; worse
need for them.

The wise want love, and those who love
want wisdom;

And all best things are thus confused
to ill.'

"This is discouraging to the unimaginative mind, but the very confusion is a challenge to human intelligence. Here are all the materials for a more beautiful world. All that is needed is to find the proper combination. Goodness alone will not do the work. Goodness grown strong and wise by much experience is, as the man in the street would say, 'quite a different proposition.' Why not try it? We may not live to see any dramatic entrance of the world upon 'the thousand years of peace,' but we are living in a time when men are rapidly learning the art of doing peacefully many things which once were done with infinite strife and confusion. We live in a time when intelligence is applied to the work of love. The children of light are less content than they once were to be outranked in sagacity by the children of this world. The result is that many things which once were the dreams of saints and sages have come within the field of practical business and practical politics. They are a part of the day's work."

We would gladly have quoted also a great part of the last essay on "Christmas and the Spirit of Democracy," in which Old SCROOGE receives a most salutary lesson in the true principles of charity and brotherly love; but we trust that Dr. CROTHERS' new volume will find many readers in this country, as it certainly will in America

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

HAPPY Christmas! Happy Christmas!
Hear its music on the air!
Bells are ringing, children singing,
Love and gladness everywhere.
E'en the saddest heart grows cheerful
On this glorious Christmas morn,
While above the sweet-voiced angels
Sing for joy that Christ is born!

Refrain:

Happy Christmas! Happy Christmas!
Hear its music on the air!
Bells are ringing, children singing,
Love and gladness everywhere.

Not alone in far Judea,
Under Bethlehem's star-lit skies,
In our hearts and homes the Christ-child,
Born anew, in beauty lies,
Angel songs and pious raptures,
Humble folk and kings of earth,
Gladsome tidings, holy visions,
Greet once more Messiah's birth.

Refrain:

Happy Christmas! Happy Christmas!
mas! &c.

Born anew in hearts made tender,
Born anew in lives made glad,
He foretells the reign of goodness
And the downfall of the bad;
Truth shall triumph over falsehood,
Right be victor over wrong;
Christian hearts, accept, believe it,
Chant it in your Christmas song!

Refrain:

Happy Christmas! Happy Christmas!
mas! &c.

CHARLES W. WENDTE.

CHRISTMASTIDE IN THE CROW'S NEST.

OUR Christmas services, which are many, begin with the pleasantest of all—to wit, the Christmas-tree at Cierfs. With us, you see, a Christmas-tree festival is a religious service, held in the church. We had one last year in Fuldera, on Sylvesterabend, New Year's Eve.

That was rather an interesting day. I had been warned by a kindly native of a certain custom, and at five in the mornin': I invaded an adjoining chamber. Corvusg "Don't you want to get up now?" Corviculus: "No, I don't really think I do." Corvus: "Do you want to have your face blacked, and to be dragged round the village in a box?" Corviculus: "I think I will get up." The corvicles were not the first scholars to reach school, but they were not the last; and when I went in to see who was Sylvester, I found, crying, clinging to the desk, and protesting that she *would* not, *would* not be Sylvester—the daughter of the kindly native aforesaid. A heroic little substitute volunteered, and was well rewarded by the gifts she received in the course of her inglorious journey.

In the afternecn I took Tabitha tobogganing down to Valcava. There we sat for a time conversing with the widow of the Pfarrer who was killed by his own gun in Silvaplana. A big black dog belonging to the bereaved parents sat and watched us. Little by little a wonderful and joyous illusion crept through his poor old

eyes into his canine mind. I am a Pfarrer, too, of like stature to his lost friend, clothed like him. I had arrived on a toboggan belonging to that house; I was talking with Frau Pfarrer: it must be he, come back, after so long! When we left, the dog came too. Nothing would keep him back. All the way to Fuldera he continued coursing round me and leaping upon me with ecstatic delight. Though this was pathetic, it was also inconvenient, for the road was very slippery, and Tabitha is timid concerning dogs. He sat and whined before my house till I let him in. He had to be thrust out of the church by force. He waited outside, followed me to my door, and was at last taken in for the night. Next day he was dragged back, poor fellow! to Valcava at the tail of a sledge, and I never saw him again, for in a few days he was pronounced demented, and sent into the Tyrol—on the same principle, perhaps, by which the gravedigger accounts for Hamlet being sent into England.

The Christmas-tree displaced the Taufstein, that structure which stands at the entrance of the choir, and serves both for baptisms and for the elements in the Communion Service. In our newer churches it is made of wood, and inlaid with figures of infants, and a Communion text. Instead, the great tree towered to the very roof, and was bound with green festoons to walls and pulpit. Covered all over with candles and glittering things, it was indeed a glorious sight. Every now and then the teacher or choirmaster would touch something with a candle, and a serpent of fire writhed its way round and up the tree. Apples and little packets hung from its branches too, but the main treasures were heaped at its foot. Among them were the gifts in kind to poor scholars, voted by the Gemeinde and the Kanton. Is not this a gracious way of dealing them, indistinguishably from the little presents given to more fortunate children?

The choir sang; the children sang; I climbed through a maze of festoons into the pulpit, and read the prayers for New Year's Eve. There was a short sermon to the children, a rather longer one to the grown-ups, and a concluding prayer, and my part was done. I never had a better congregation in Fuldera, for the teachers of Cierfs and Lü had each brought his whole school, and many an adult was there from all the Protestant villages. More singing, and the stripping of the tree. Each child was called by name, and received the packet already made up for him, besides his share of the general wealth. Such eager unwrapping, such zealous comparing, such holding up for distant parents to see, such prompt cuddling of dolls, such seething impatience to get outside with outdoor toys! The children sang again, and it was over. Nothing could be simpler, but it was very beautiful.

This year, then, it is to be in Cierfs, on Christmas Eve. But the Fuldera people want to have a service again on Sylvesterabend, and have formed a male choir to give a sacred concert instead of the Christmas-tree singing. On Christmas Day I must preach in all three parishes, for I am bound by law to hold the Communion Service. On the Feast of Stephen I must

hold service again. A few years ago the Synod proposed that service on that day should be optional, but the people, through the referendum, decided it should be compulsory. The next day is Sunday. Then service must be held on New Year's Day, and a Sunday falls on January 3. In the fifteen days from December 20 to January 3 I must preach sixteen times, and I have my school-teaching as usual, and my Konfirmanden twice a week. The charge of three parishes is no sinecure at the turn of the year. But it will not be necessary to prepare sixteen different sermons. I shall exchange pulpits, no doubt, once or twice with my colleague of Sta Maria.

I hear he has been preaching about bells again. During my absence a new set of three was installed at Valcava, and consecrated by a special service. "The old bells," he said, "came, one from a convent in the Tyrol, one from somewhere in Switzerland, and the third from Bormio—which is quite enough to explain the fact that they were never in perfect accord."

Bell music being much in the air at this season, I have been led to make some verses on Christmas Bells. Here they are. If you cannot scan them, I am sorry. Will it help you if I point out that the main element is a *versus Adonius*, which in the fourth line and at the end of the second is catalectic, and that an introductory *chorée* transforms the first phrase in the second line into a *second Pherecratean*, which, as you justly remark, is the same thing as an *Ἀριστοφάνειον*? 111

Hope, like an angel,
Chanted over a bed of lowliest birth:
"Born is a Saviour, glory is born to God
in the highest,
Peace upon earth."

Wondering breezes
Caught and carried the singing far o'er
the fells:
Lo, how the numb land wakes to their
wooing, blooms into belfries,
Gladdens with bells.

Chasing the sunset,
Hark! the thundering, clanging, mur-
muring call,
Sailing the valleys, kissing the mountains,
stroking the billows,
Circles the ball,

Croons o'er the pest-house,
Mocks the morrow of carnage, greets in
her den
Desperate famine brooding a murder:
"Peace and good pleasure
Born among men!"

Lying recorders,
Why profane ye the snow-field, forest, and
sky?
What do the cliffs call back, and the
gorges hollowly echo,
What but a lie?

Nay, shall they flout us,
Brethren? Shatter their pealing, topple
their towers!
Then with a war-horn blare ye the truth
out: whose is the glory?
What peace is ours?

Banner and breastplate,
Hulk steel deaths on the ocean, state
against state
Panther-like crouching, bawl of the bourse
and strife in the workshop,
Battle and hate.

Hope, like an angel,
Chanteth still in a song of holiest mirth :
"Babe is the Christ-child ; wait ye the
waxing ; grows with his stature
Peace upon earth."

Clangorous belfries
Boom and scatter the music far o'er the
fells.

Sing we the hope-song : Glory to God and
peace to His children.

Sing with the bells.

Fuldera.

E. W. LUMMIS.

P.S.—The parish of Lü is about to complete its church structure by adding a very necessary second bell, the place for which yawns expectantly in the little tower. The life of mountain villages is bound up with the sound of their bells. All the former Pfarrer are appealing to their friends for help. May the present Pfarrer appeal, by means of this note, to his friends in England ?

E. W. L.

THE STARS.

It is my happy lot, year after year, every Christmas Eve, to drive home along the coast, across the fields and through the woods. I have, of course, hundreds of recollections from these drives, but one picture stands forth vividly in them all—that of the star-covered sky. If I tried hard, it is quite possible that I might remember some Christmas Eve when the sky was clouded and the weather bad, but still it must have been exceptional, for whenever I think of these drives I see before my eyes the deep blue sky oversown with bright stars.

There is, to my mind, nothing in all the visible world which, like the stars, "lends our soul strong wings." They do so whether you think of them as what they really are—mighty globes whirling in maddening speed through endless space—or whether you look upon them as bright little lights, lit in the sky, sparkling and twinkling to the delight of every child of man.

There is, to begin with, this fact about the stars, that they are seen so far and wide. Even if there be hundreds of miles between me and some one I love, even if earth's highest mountain towers up between us, our eyes may meet in the stars. The fact that at the very same moment we may be lifting our eyes to one given star, which twinkles and winks in the same saucy way to both of us, may almost make us feel as if we stood hand in hand by each other's side. It happens, too, that while you sit gazing at the stars you suddenly feel yourself removed to unknown places, foreign situations. The pictures then formed in the soul may be so vivid and so real that they are never again erased. So do I remember one Christmas Eve, when the stars carried me away down to the wide, silent velds of South Africa, and to this day I feel as if I had really stood by the camp-fire

of the Boers and seen those serious God-fearing men sitting round it, with their hymn-books open before them, singing their Christmas hymns beneath the star-crowned Christmas sky ; also it seems to me that I have seen it arched above the lonely prisoner on the Devil's Island, far, far out in the big, dark, restless ocean.

But it is not merely the distances in space that are bridged by the stars. The breadth and height of time seem also to disappear when the stars take hold of your thoughts and conjure forth the men and events of bygone days. The evening star, that shines so brightly in our clear summer nights, peeped through the opening of the cave to greet King Alfred. The Great Bear and the Polar star met Wycliffe's eyes when, after a day of study and preaching, in the quiet solemn night, he lifted them to Christ in heaven ; yea, even Job and Abraham seem one's contemporaries as one sits gazing at the stars, and the first human being draws quite close, when you consider how little has been changed in this great panorama since it met his uplifted eyes.

And now, amongst all stars those of Christmas Eve hold a unique position, and, again, amongst the pictures they conjure up is one which forms the centre of the whole collection. It is that of the little, poor mother, sitting in the straw, on the first of all Christmas Eves, gazing with loving eyes at the new-born child in her lap. The beauty and harmony of this picture goes right to the heart. Just so it had to come to pass. Not in the splendours of the palace, not in a poor cottage, not in the well-to-do citizen's abode, but in the quiet, obscure byre, surrounded by our gentle, speechless fellow-creatures, must the Son of Man enter this world of ours. There in the fresh, clean straw he lies, hidden on his mother's bosom, and sleeps his first peaceful sleep, while that loving, faithful Joseph keeps watch, and the stars smile and twinkle through the open doors.

Deep peace and harmony there is in this picture, and it seems to me to grow lovelier and holier as year by year I grow in understanding sympathy with the gentle young mother who was to suffer so sorely for the little child she here brought into the world. When I think of her fears and anxiety for this queer, oldish boy, who would not do as other children do, but went his own way ; think of how hard it must have been for her, the poor, ignorant woman, when her son went about preaching and teaching in opposition to the people's chosen teachers, to the great scholars and learned men of that day—neighbours and friends shaking their heads, yea, speaking hard, condemning words of him, while doubt and fear would rise in her own heart, even when she strove to defend him. Was not his mind deranged ? Was not his speech blasphemous ? When I think of how he left her, think of how she, who loved him with all her heart, could be nothing to him, because he was so thoroughly, so exclusively, wrapped up in his mission and calling ; when, at last, I see her standing by the foot of the cross—the cross that in her eyes was a mere gibbet—my heart grows very tender as I sit gazing at the picture of the silent Christmas Eve.

But there is yet one thing that more than all lends glory to this lovely form, surrounds her head with the saint's halo, and makes her stand forth a shining example to all mankind. I am thinking of the words whereby she answers the angel as he comes to her with the great message, the great demand. We need not quarrel about whether we are speaking of a fact—as many of our Christian brethren hold, or of a beautiful allegory as we Unitarians think—it matters but little, we will listen to the words by which this young innocent girl answers the angel, responds to the mighty call upon her. Dishonour and suffering shall be heaped upon her head, sorrow and anxiety fill her heart, but from the very moment when she understands that this demand comes from God, she bows her head and, without murmuring, answers, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord ; be it unto me according to Thy will."

Here, in these words, is a lesson for us all to learn. Nothing great and new is born into this world without men suffering and sacrificing themselves therefor. And none, none amongst us is so small and insignificant but God's angel comes to him daily with messages and calls for self-surrender and self-sacrifice, that God's will may be fulfilled on earth as it is in heaven. Have we the right mind, are we prepared to serve each one as he is called upon to do ? Only then shall we become God's blessed helpmates in His mighty work of salvation.

MARY B. WESTENHOLZ.

CHRISTMAS CONTRASTS.

It was the afternoon before Christmas day. As in solemn tones a minister was speaking by the side of the grave of an aged lady, one could not but be struck by the voices of children ringing out in play in some neighbouring street, and mingling in the clear frosty air joyfully with the time-honoured words of the speaker, words that implied some solution of the mystery of death, some joyful resurrection, in some sense, in God ; the children's voices mingled joyfully with words through which, though solemnly uttered, there yet thrilled an undercurrent of the joy of faith, hope, and love. At first there seemed a shock in the contrast of the happy voices of the children and the solemn tones of the pastor. The wintry sun shone near the horizon with a brightness that already was touched with crimson, and a familiar and inquisitive robin seemed to glow with cheerfulness, whilst a regal purple disguised the obtruding witness of our mortality. Well, there seemed a sense of harmony through it all, as if the higher treble notes of joy and cheerfulness in no way really jarred with the deep undertones of human sorrow, that sorrows not without hope and faith and love.

These contrasts are everywhere, and a child is often one member of the contrast. I could not help recalling a remark of someone who had seen a painting of Raphael's. "You would hardly expect," he said, "children in Raphael's 'Peter and John Healing the Lame Man.'"²² You expect that the majesty of the scene will crowd out all familiarities. You

would say that children ought to get out of the way when such an exciting work is going on. There lies the lame man, his hand in the hand of the apostle. The sufferer looks up with a face that has anguish scorched into every feature; for, though born a cripple, he had never got used to it." Well, the increasing gravity and solemnity of life (not without some warrant for gravity and solemnity) betrays, I suppose, the fact that *we*, unlike the crimson sun, the red-breasted robin, and the rosy-cheeked children, have lost touch with realities, that we are not like them, confessedly at home, and are not just as familiar with the majesty of a scene as a child is with the majesty of a king. These contrasts trouble us, and sometimes shock us. We are apt to forget that, if God is the place of souls, He is the place of *all* souls, and that, if He is our dwelling-place in *all* generations, He is our dwelling-place in *this* generation. Nor should the majesty of things ever entirely crowd out divine familiarities. It was a rare instinct in the Hebrews that made them feel that God's familiarity with the world warranted man's familiarity with God, and that there could be no real spiritual joy in the relationship of man to God, unless, like their own great pattern, Abraham, it was written down in the possibilities for a man to talk with God as a man talks with a friend, on a footing of familiarity, "walking with God," as they liked to describe that footing, the familiarity of friendship that breeds no contempt, but only deepens joy. If there were time there would be much profit in noticing such contrasts as I have just noted, or even contrasts of the very reverse type, such as the gleaming summit of the Mount of Transfiguration with its blissful habitants, and the dark sordid foot of the Mount where the foaming and wallowing child and heart-broken father proclaim a paradise lost—lost the familiar ringing tones of childhood, and lost the heart that loves those tones above all the sounds of earth.

In the stories of the birth of the child Jesus, which are only recorded in the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke, we are presented with the strangest contrasts. At one moment and in one Gospel we are told of the strangest and cruellest of conceivable massacres, the massacre of children of two years old and under, so that one certain new-born babe should not escape, while at the same moment, and in another Gospel, we are told of a sweet idyl, in which an old man on the brink of the grave holds in his loving arms the child in whom he sees the salvation of the world. In Jerusalem itself, in the very temple, before all the people, he is proclaimed as the coming King of Righteousness. What need to slaughter all the babes of the district, when the babe whose life was sought was being held up to the loving gaze of Jew and Gentile! But Herod's ear was deaf with the deafness of "the dull, cold ear of death," for he had been long gathered to his fathers, and Josephus, the historian, who knew all his crimes, had never heard of such a crime as this, before which all earthly crimes would have paled. Think, too, of the contrast afforded by the Gospels of Matthew and Luke as to the whereabouts and the

meaning of the birth of the coming King of Righteousness, the Lord's Anointed. In one, to humble shepherd folk keeping watch by night over their flock, come the angel and the glory and the multitude of the heavenly host, come to them *close* to Bethlehem, the good tidings of great joy, and the *sign* a babe born as humbly as ever babe was born, nay most humbly—for such it was the narrator's intention to say. And at the same moment appear the Magi (according to the Gospel of Matthew), the wisest men of the East, arriving not from anywhere near at hand, but after days and months of weary travelling, led by a star, as befitted those learned in the stars. And a later happy legend, catching the spiritual drift of these legends told how also there came three kings of Europe, Asia, and Africa from still further distances and after much longer toiling, to bring gifts, pay homage, and cast their crowns at the feet of the coming Righteous King of all the world. What contrasts these differing stories afford, and what thoughts they suggest, and what contrasts of a still more striking kind are afforded by the stories themselves. A child—and flocking around it, these shepherds, these sturdy sons of the soil, these hardy, humble, unlearned, uncultured men, close to the soil, familiar with nature and the God of nature, straightforward, simple-minded, humble-hearted: they had not very far to travel to reach their Bethlehem, their House of Bread, now to be of Heavenly bread for those who toiled for daily bread; they had not far to travel to find the Pastor, the Good Shepherd, that should bring them bread from heaven. Another contrast. A child—and the wisest men of the earth, the most learned in books and stars, offering the child golden and fragrant praise and worship as to the deepest *Seer*, as seeing through the pure heart of love, in all His glory, Him, whom they, the wisest, strove to seek by the dim light of science, and across the dreary tracts of learning. It was a long journey to their Bethlehem, to their House of Bread, that should feed them otherwise than on the empty husks of vain knowledge. Another contrast. A child—and the kings of all the earth, the rulers of the world, offering gifts and casting down their earthly crowns, perceiving that the spiritual would overcome the world. And all these contrasts and many another arose to express the contrast of contrasts, which lowly and awe-struck, and at length rejoicing men had perceived, this contrast, namely, a child—and the Eternal Providence, Wisdom, Ruler; a child and God; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, going up into a mountain to pray; a child of God, kneeling on the mountain, clinging for help and inspiration, strength and joy to the Rock of Ages, and who, because he had so proved to be to men a saviour, was with deep affection known in time himself as the Rock of Ages, *cleft* for me—to which cleft fleeing, we find safety from the noisy, rushing world, our life being hid with Christ in God.

And so, perhaps, with these thoughts in our minds, this little tale, that I conclude with, may not seem to you too humble or too remote from the inner meanings of all these contrasts, nor altogether out of keeping with the deep solemnity, which, after

all, is at the heart of every joy, even of the joy of Christmas. "A long train of cars, fourteen or fifteen, were some time back passing over the Alleghany mountains on their way eastward. They were crowded with passengers. As the engine snorted and rushed on, they began to feel that they had begun to descend, and now needed no power but that of gravitation to send them down with terrific swiftness. Just as the passengers began to realise their situation, they came to a short curve cut out of the solid rock—a wall of rock lying on either side. Suddenly the steam whistle screamed as if in agony, "Put on the brakes! put on the brakes!" Up pressed the brakes, but with no apparent slackening of the cars. Every window flew open, and every head that could be was thrust out to see what the darger was, and every one rose up in his place, fearing sudden destruction. What was the trouble? Just as the engine began to turn in the curve the engineer saw a little girl and her baby brother playing on the track. In a moment the cars would be on them; the shriek of the whistle startled the little girl, and every eye, looking over, could see them. Close to the rail, in the upright rock, was a little niche, out of which a piece of rock had been blasted. In an instant the child was thrust into this niche, and, as the cars came thundering by, the passengers, holding their breath, heard the clear voice of the little sister on the other side of the cars ring out, "Cling close to the rock, Johnnie! cling close to the rock!" And the little creature snuggled in and put his head as close to the corner of the rock as possible, while the heavy cars whirled past him. And many were the moist eyes that gazed, and many a silent thanksgiving went up to Heaven. In a few hours the cars stopped at a station where an old man and his son got out of the cars. He had come so far to part with his child, who was going to an Eastern city to live, while the aged father was to turn back to his home. All the dangers that would harass the son seemed to crowd into the heart of the father, as he stood holding the hand of his boy, just now to part with him. He sobbed, and the tears filled his eyes, and all he could say was, "Cling to the Rock, my son!" He wrung the hands of his child, and the passengers saw him standing alone, doubtless praying that his inexperienced son might cling close to the rock—Christ Jesus."

E. L. H. THOMAS.

SOME of the more zealous among us may be inclined to say, "We did it! It is Unitarianism that has leavened the whole orthodox lump!" That, no doubt, would be a foolish claim. The true glory of the people called Unitarian is that they were among the first to feel and respond to the breath of a new spirit that had entered the world. They may also make their boast that, in the face of much bitter prejudice, they have done something to help forward the spiritual emancipation of the Church. But the cause of those effects which become more and more startling in our day is, without doubt, that universal spirit whose comings and goings are much beyond human control.—H. N. Brown.

GUILDS OF HELP.

II.—WHAT THEY ARE DOING.

WILLIAM RATHBONE held that while the Elberfeld system could be applied only with great difficulty to large cities like Liverpool and London, it was readily capable of adaptation to moderate-sized manufacturing towns. Thanks to his splendid initiative, Liverpool has been benefiting by many of the best features of the system for twenty years.

But to the City of Bradford belongs the distinction of having originated a civic movement for the relief and prevention of poverty on distinctly Elberfeld lines. Bradford founded the first Guild of Help. And to Bradford belongs the additional credit of having played the pioneer with such caution and thoroughness as to have commended the movement to other towns. Established in the winter of 1904, the Bradford City Guild of Help, recognising that the poverty of the city was the concern of all the citizens, was careful to found the organisation on a civic basis. Many months of diligent inquiry and painstaking preliminary work had preceded the inauguration, so that when an actual start was made the city had been mapped out into four divisions, each sub-divided into 10 districts, making 40 districts in all; 40 committees were at once appointed, and 500 helpers secured. The chairmen and district heads, with the president (the mayor for the time being), constitute the Central Board, which meets twice a year. Each charitable institution may appoint a representative to attend these meetings. The chairman of each division, together with his ten district heads, constitute a divisional committee which meets quarterly to appoint helpers and to receive reports of the condition and need of the division, to nominate district heads, and discuss proposals to be submitted to the Central Board. Again, there are district committees consisting of the district head, his honorary secretary, and the helpers for the district. They meet monthly, or, if necessary, fortnightly. The instructions which the guild gives its helpers are of a most admirable and practical kind, too numerous to give here in detail, but the following specimen will indicate their tenour:—

"All you learn about a poor family should be regarded as confidential. Unfavourable information especially should be used with great discretion, and its sources disclosed only to those charitably interested. Ascertain first whether the case is known to the C. O. S., or to the relieving officer, and obtain their reports. Useful inquiries may be made in the neighbourhood now or formerly lived in, and of landlords and employers, but great care must be taken to put the inquiries in such a form that no injury shall be done to the person about whom you are asking."

The cases are written up in specially printed "case books," which are periodically copied at the head office, where all records are preserved. Bradford has no relief fund. It has a paid secretary, and two paid assistants. The office is open daily from 9 till 6.30. It has a privately subscribed and guaranteed administration fund of £400 per annum. There is also a small "loan fund," for special cases,

where a temporary loan (always repaid) will assist a deserving applicant to a means of livelihood, such as hawking. Whenever pecuniary assistance is needed, it devolves upon the particular helper, acting with the advice of his district head, to obtain the necessary assistance from some existing charity or some charitably-disposed person in sympathy with the guild's aims.

There are now some thirty guilds at work in different towns, which it may be well to enumerate so that seekers after fuller knowledge may apply to that town which is most accessible. In addition to a considerable number in process of organising, the following are fully established:—Bishop Auckland, Bolton, Bradford, Chesterfield, Croydon, Dudley, Dunfermline, Eccles, Exeter, Farnworth, Halifax, Harrogate, Huddersfield, Ilkley, Letchworth, Manchester, Newport (I. of W.), Peterborough, Plymouth, Poole, Portwood, Reading, Sheffield, Southport, Swinton, Urmston, Wallasey, and Wimbledon. Probably every one of these has been formed on the Bradford plan. Mr. S. P. Grundy, secretary of the Manchester Guild says, "We have never swerved in the slightest degree from the ideals that were so nobly laid down for us by our predecessors in this work—the Bradford Guild of Help." But some of the guilds, though mainly modelled on the Bradford plan, diverge from it in important particulars, especially in the matter of a central relief fund. Every guild now forming has the immense advantage of being able to make a preliminary comparison of the constitutions and methods of the guilds already in existence.

One newly-formed guild, framed chiefly on Bradford, Halifax, and Bolton lines, sets forth among the various articles of its constitution the following comprehensive objects:—

(1) To provide a friend for all in need of help.

(2) To make it easier for the deserving poor to be discovered and assisted, and more difficult for the idle and undeserving to trade upon the charitable impulses of the public.

(3) To arrest the progress of poverty in its initial stages, in order to prevent poverty from sinking to destitution, and to ensure, as far as possible, that no deserving home shall be broken up.

(4) To co-operate with all existing charitable agencies in order to prevent overlapping.

(5) To discourage indiscriminate almsgiving by awakening public opinion to recognise (a) that personal service is the truest form of charity, and (b) that such service can be best rendered by comradeship in a guild.

(6) To encourage the needy in efforts towards self-help, and to aid such efforts by friendly counsel and neighbourly assistance.

(7) To deepen the sense of civic responsibility for the care of the deserving poor, and to create a neighbourly feeling among all classes of the community.

(8) To prevent, as far as possible, through existing laws, the ill-treatment of children, the demoralisation of the young, and the desertion of wives.

(9) To consider generally the causes of poverty in the town, and to use influence, through public bodies, or by private effort, to effect the removal of such causes.

The guilds, being of a civic nature, are of course non-political and non-sectarian, and helpers are strictly enjoined to avoid any attempt at proselytising. It is pointed out to the Bradford helpers that their resources are practically inexhaustible—groceries, fuel, clothes, and cash being the least considerable part of them. These resources are forcefully impressed on the mind by means of a diagram consisting of a number of concentric circles, the centre circle being No. 1, the next remote No. 2, &c. And so valuable to all social workers should be this diagram of resources that the contents of the ever-widening circles may with advantage be fully given here.

(1) *Family Forces*.—Capacity of each member for affection, training, endeavour and social development.

(2) *Personal Forces*.—Relatives, friends.

(3) *Neighbourhood Forces*.—Neighbours, landlords, tradesmen; former and present employers; clergymen, ministers, Sunday school teachers, fellow churchmembers, doctors, trade-unions, fraternal and benefit societies, social clubs, fellow-workmen, libraries, educational clubs, classes, settlements, thrift agencies, savings-bank, stamp savings, building societies.

(4) *Civic Forces*.—School teachers, attendance officers, police, magistrates, reformatories, health department, milk depot, sanitary inspectors, factory inspectors, disinfecting station, free disinfectants, whitewash and brushes, parks, baths.

(5) *Private Charitable Forces*.—Charity Organisation Society, church or denomination to which family belongs, benevolent individuals; national, special, and general relief societies; charitable employment, Cinderella club, children's summer holiday society, orphanages, day nurseries, Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to children, district nurses, ladies' charity, hospitals, Convalescent homes, Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society.

(6) *Public Relief Forces*.—Relieving officer, district medical officer, poor law hospital and sanatorium, fever and small-pox hospitals.

Pension officers and committee might now be added.

An examination of the above sources of help will suggest to the helper ways out of difficulties which had perhaps never occurred to him. It will also reveal the wealth of available resources. No better illustration of how these resources can be drawn upon could be afforded than by taking an actual case reported from Bradford:—"A young man, aged nineteen, living with his widowed mother, an elder brother, and a younger sister, develops phthisis and needs sanatorium treatment. A friend in his own station of life has, by great effort, collected 34s. But as at least 21s. per week is needed for a period of six months, the friend is non-plussed. The case is assigned to a helper. It is found that the family income is 25s. The mother agrees to spare 3s. per week, a married

brother is seen who promises 1s., an uncle gives a lump sum equivalent to another 1s., the choir and chapel two donations working out at a further 1s., a friend connected with the sanatorium gives 3s., making 9s. in all. The district head then advises an appeal to the Samaritan Society, which at once grants 12s., completing the 21s. per week. The helper obtains the necessary outfit, and for six months the youth remains under treatment, returning with the disease arrested and in fit condition for open-air work. This cannot be obtained in Bradford, so he is sent to Canada, where he is now working on the land."

In presenting the third annual report of the Bradford Guild last Autumn, the secretary said: "Three years ago the Guild of Help was an idea. It was spoken of by its founders as an experiment, and there were others, not inexperienced in public work, who saw serious obstacles to its success. It would become a political and sectarian organisation; without relief funds it could do nothing; the people would not tolerate such prying into their affairs; the workers would be taken in, and would do more harm than good; and finally the enthusiasm was only ephemeral, and in a few months people would be tired, and turn to some new thing!

"What can be said in regard to the anticipated difficulties? First, then, the Guild of Help has not been captured by the politicians. The executive committee includes active Conservatives, Liberals, and Socialists, and an extraordinary variety of religious opinion is represented by its members. The absence of a relief fund has proved advantageous rather than otherwise. The gift of personal service has been all the more appreciated. The 'impertinent questions' have required a tact which, naturally, has not always been forthcoming, but they have not been an insuperable bar. Sometimes, too, a helper has been taken in, but then only because of his impatience to give material relief, which fuller experience has shown him could usually have waited. Some workers who did run well, grew faint, and retired. But 400 'real' workers remain.

"One of the most striking instances of the need and reward of persistence in well-doing is the following:—A widow with five children, three of whom were earning, was found living in one of the worst slums, in debt all round, all available clothing in pawn, the gas cut off, no bed-clothes. She has been visited steadily for three years. When influence had been obtained over her, she was induced to remove to better surroundings; but the first time quickly returned to the old slum, feeling it impossible to adopt the neighbours' standard of living. The helper persevered, small loans were made to prevent the weekly pawning, and later larger sums were lent for the purchase of furniture and utensils, and, on one occasion, for the purchase of false teeth. The repayments have been collected in small sums, gradually increasing as the circumstances improved, and now all debts—over £9 in all—have been paid off. They are living in a clean-through house, the children are happy, the mother

quite house-proud, and there is a real desire for better things. This change has taken three years to effect."

Regarded only as a clearing-house for charities the guild is invaluable.

Alderman Batten, ex-mayor of Peterborough, who has been instrumental in founding a guild in that city, lays down the very important principle that in starting a guild the promoters should keep as close as possible to the civic authority, leaving out no section of the community, and thus making it a citizens' guild. In small towns he considers that a central relief fund is undesirable, but recourse should be had to "stand-bys."

What is meant by "stand-bys" is thus explained by Mr. A. W. Whitley, hon. sec. of the Halifax Citizens' Guild of Help:—"A case having been visited, reported on to the district committee and discussed by them, and a weekly sum for the next two weeks being requisitioned by them; if the central board, after scrutinising the case, approve and endorse the request of the district committee, and if the latter have no local resources from which to draw, the central board, through their secretary, send a printed letter to a suburban householder, known or thought to be willing to aid the guild's work, asking him to act as 'stand-by' to so-and-so (name and full address given) by giving, let us say, 3s. 6d. weekly for two weeks, viz., 7s., this being the amount approved by the central board." At the end of the fortnight the same or some other sympathiser may be asked to renew his help for a further period. Some supporters prefer to give a lump sum, £5 or £10, at the beginning of the winter. Such sums go to an emergency fund, available for cases where a single outlay, as, for example, payment while in a sanatorium, meets the case. The appeal from the district committee to the central board, indicated above, appears rather clumsy, unnecessarily circumlocutory. Any guild constitution could of course make the means to such an end considerably simpler and swifter. But the main principle is valuable, especially as it gives the benefactor an opportunity of getting into personal contact with the recipient.

Yet, when all is said, it must ever be borne in mind that "charity," regarded as doles, is the least part of a guild's work. The Rev. A. Holden Byles thus puts the case in *Progress*:—"No doubt the simplest way to deal with distress—apart from the method of the priest and Levite—is to give half-a-crown and have done with it. But the simplest way is the worst. It rarely relieves, it certainly does not prevent; and prevention is the grand objective of the Guild of Help. Its root principle is that personal service, and not almsgiving, is the highest form of charity."

Next week a consideration of the future of the guilds will conclude these notices.

An unfortunate mistake in the announcement made by two of our contemporaries has involved the Rev. Thomas Bond, of Portsmouth, in needless correspondence. It is not he, but the Rev. Kenneth Bond, as we stated on December 12, who has been called to the Free Christian Church at Leicester.

"THE FORM OF THE FOURTH."

FROM AN ADDRESS BY R. H. FULLER, M.A.,
IN BRAINTREE FREE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

"The form of the Fourth is like the Son of God."—*Daniel* iii, 25.

THE question of the authorship or date of the Book of Daniel need not trouble us, nor any question as to inspiration. The great point is, as Carlyle says, does it inspire us when we read it? What matter how rich the mine is if our tools, our industry, our brains, are not good enough to extract the rich veins of metal. If reading the Book of Daniel or any other book inspires me to nobler ideals, nobler conceptions of life, and greater determination to fulfil them, that is all that is wanted. Jacob, on the side of a mountain covered with loose stones and scarce a blade of grass, found such inspiration to a better life that he cried out, "Surely God was in this place and I knew it not." So it is with books. They may seem poor stuff, but if any one of them awakes courage, awakes the desire after God—i.e., the presence of good—then God was in that book. That is the one and only test of inspiration, or of "breathing into." Does it breathe into us as we read it? I have heard men, with hot breath and vehement gesture, arguing for the verbal inspiration of the Bible, who, as far as their mode of business, their attitude to their fellow-men went, never showed so much as the scantiest gasp of breath of goodwill or high principle.

Now, this Book of Daniel, I am sure, has inspired many a one with pluck to say "No" when tempted to go wrong. I suppose, in reading it, except to criticise, no one ever questioned whether the three young men actually, in flesh and blood, stood unburned in the midst of the intense heat of a burning fiery furnace. Just as in reading those eternally beautiful fairy-tales of our nursery no one entertains the question, "Was there a real 'fairy of order' came to the dear little girl with her tangled silks and tear-filled eyes and scolding mistress?" No one entertains the question, "Was there a real boy Jack who killed the giant? or a real Cinderella? or a real St. George who killed the dragon?" Yet into how many millions of children—aye, and grown-ups too—these simple tales have put heart and inspired courageous thought!

Of course, no three young men stood in the furnace unscathed. It is a silly question to raise, because the story so manifestly appeals to us, fills us with far deeper things than mere wonder-working, sets our mind busy about the "form of the fourth"—that Fourth which every young man, when standing with his fellows for what is right against all odds of wrong, always has with him. How finely this is told in the story: "The form of the Fourth is like a Son of God." What is that which preserves the young in their struggles for right, gives them courage to stand out and, if need be, suffer wrong for what they hold right, which enables them to refuse to bow down to the golden image everywhere set up? What but this form of the Fourth—this ideal of right?

Come, let me ask you: Is there not something more living that supports you

in your struggles in life than that cold thing called a sense of duty? Is there not something that gives you heart and courage more than the mere prospect of gain? Surely there is in every life some heart to gladden. It may be a sister, or a father and mother in their declining years. I have seen girls—aye, and mature men and women—in a very furnace of trouble, yet face the fire. What has strengthened them? What but this form of the Fourth—a noble conception of life and duty?

I once saw a young man at a restaurant in London, where he was dining, evidently by appointment with someone from whom he had sought employment. The elder man was, I unavoidably overheard, describing some scheme in which he wanted his help, and for which he was prepared to pay handsomely. I only heard fragments; but at last the young fellow stood up, slowly drew on his gloves, and said, "I would rather cut off my right hand than have anything to do with it, hard pressed as I am. I wish you good-day." Yes, wherever there is the Golden Image set up in life there is the form of the Fourth in antagonism—a veritable Son of God—a noble conception of life.

Is there not something which gives brightness to the young in their engagements with each other to be for ever loving and true companions for life? Something more than just the physical sweetness of the embrace? Is there not something hovering round in a young man's vision of prosperity more than a Golden Image? Greater than a sense of duty, more clothed over with life? Sweeter far than the passing kiss, sweet as that is; greater far than piles of money, is ever present to every true heart—this form of the Fourth, this great conception of life, which is most truly the offspring of God. No miracle. It is an essential part of our wondrous nature.

Have you ever been so placed that a base action would have served your turn and you have withstood it? What enabled you? Was it a dry sense of duty, or vividly before you the living ideal of right?—an ideal which perhaps you never knew had been forming in your mind, but which came like an angel to bear you up. Evil is sometimes very near us, but always nearer still as a living thing is this ideal of right, this form of the Fourth, this real Son of God. Have no doubt about it—every picture of good, of generous action, of noble life, is a Son of God. Even Nebuchadnezzar, the last you would think of, saw that this great ideal of living must be theirs, and so in this beautiful mystic story, this fairy-like legend, says he saw the form of a Fourth as a Son of God. Yes, even he knew what a Son of God was. This worshipper of idols, this oppressor of the people—he knew, and seeing this courage in these youths to face the fire, he is made to see, too, the pure vision of right which they saw.

Let me ask the youths and maidens: In your pledges to each other, is there with you this form of the Fourth, this ideal of a good and true life? It is the one testimony to us of a life greater than our own—of God. It is a poor engagement if it is not there; the little stone in the ring has no brightness, the eager glance forward

no richness. Yes, dear friends, keep well in view this form of the Fourth. It will brighten every joy, give tone to every sorrow, and fidelity to every vow. Nay, it is the brightness, it is the tone, it is the fidelity. Keep ever before you the bright vision of your best ideal; know that it is the true birth out of God in the soul. When our passionate desires, our strong appetites, have no form of the Fourth to enrich and control them, no ideal of a true life to go with them, that is when they are mere fiery lusts that destroy us.

Come, my friends, who have been in the fiery furnace of life, who have not, indeed, come out unscathed, but yet can look back upon burning paths you have trodden, what has been your sustaining power? A mere sense of duty? Ah, well! I know sometimes in our drought of soul we had to fall back upon that dry thing. But behind it has there not been an inner fortress of life in which has been the form of the Fourth, your conception of life, a veritable birth-thing of God in the soul. It grows stronger as life goes on and nears its close. It is

Light in the eventide e'er the day
closeth,
Light for the tired soul e'er it reposesh,
Light on the weary past in which it has
striven,
Light for one eager glance up into
Heaven.

THE ROMAN EMPIRE.*

THIS is likely to prove one of the most useful volumes in the "Story of the Nations" series. Mr. Jones must have had considerable difficulty in selecting and compressing the material at his disposal, but he has accomplished his task in a highly satisfactory manner, setting forth the chief figures and events in the empire's history with as much detail as is necessary for the general reader, and as, indeed, is possible within the narrow limits of some 450 pages. He is an expert in archaeological research, which has done so much for the illumination of his subject, and we heartily commend his book as a sound piece of historical workmanship, its value being enhanced by many excellent illustrations, by genealogical and chronological tables, and by maps.

The most difficult question, perhaps, that confronts the student of Roman history is as to how far Tacitus gives us a true impression of the state of the Empire under Tiberius and the ignoble troop of Cæsars who immediately succeeded him. Was the government of these Cæsars as dismal a failure as the pages of Tacitus would lead us to suppose? Whilst we are inclined to agree with Mr. Jones that it was not, holding that the evil done by these Emperors was largely confined to the capital, and that, as the inscriptions testify, the provinces had some cause to honour them for the wisdom and clemency of their rule, we think our author is hardly fair to the ancient historian in declaring that "he was filled, not with the passion of seeing things as they are, but with devotion to a lost cause"—that, namely, of the

Senate whom the Cæsars had flouted and reduced to impotence. No doubt Tacitus wrote out of the fulness of a heart embittered by many cruel and humiliating experiences, but we believe he wrote rather as a moralist than as a partisan, more as one who had been profoundly shocked by the system of espionage and brutality that had prevailed than as the mere devotee of a lost cause. The late M. Boissier has pointed out what seems to us the explanation of the divergent judgments that obtain in regard to the Empire of the time to which we refer. "The Empire," he said, "according as we view it from Rome or from the provinces, has not altogether the same aspect. Whilst the moralist who keeps his eyes fixed on the Palatine or the Senate, and sees only the fearful scenes enacted there, condemns it without mercy, the politician, who considers how it governed the world, is disposed to be more favourable to it." It is true that the eyes of Tacitus were fixed, and fixed inevitably, on the Palatine or the Senate, but though he gives us in consequence only a partial view of things, we see no reason for depreciating his evidence and for refusing him, as Mr. Jones does, a place among the greatest historians.

To the student of Christian antiquity this book will be handy for reference as supplying the general historical setting amid which Christianity had its being during the first five centuries. Some attention is devoted to the rival faiths and especially to that of Mithras; and there is frequent reference to the worship of the Cæsars, with which, by way of counterpoise, the development of the doctrine of the deity of Christ had probably more to do than has been sufficiently realised.

J. M. CONNELL.

OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Afternoon.

SUNDAY, December 27.

LONDON.

- Acton, Cressfield-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. ARTHUR HURN.
 Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Rev. J. HIPPERSON.
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7, Rev. G. C. CRESSEY, D.D.
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11, Rev. H. W. PERRIS; 7, Musical Service: Carols of Yuletide. Address by Mr. T. MATTHEWS.
 Deptford, Church-street, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. A. J. MARCHANT.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. R. K. DAVIS, B.A.
 Forest Gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 11 and 6.30.
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. H. RAWLINGS, M.A.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. HENRY GOW, B.A.
 Highgate-hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.
 Hounslow, Committee Room No. 2, Council House, Treaty-road, 7, Rev. J. ARTHUR PEARSON.
 Ilford, Assembly Room, Broadway, 7, Mr. R. W. PETTINGER.
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., 11.15 and 7, Rev. F. HANKINSON.

* "The Roman Empire (B.C. 29—A.D. 476)." By H. Stuart Jones, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin, 5s.)

Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. CHARLES ROPER, B.A.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. C. POPE.
 Little Portland-street Chapel, 11.15 and 7, Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. GORDON COOPER, B.A.
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11, Rev. JESSE HIPPERSON; 6.30, Rev. D. DELTA EVANS.
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 and 7.
 Stepney Green, College Chapel, 11, Mr. W. R. MARSHALL; and 7, Mr. EDWARD CAPLETON.
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7, Rev. V. D. DAVIS, B.A.
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, P.S.M., Mr. H. MAGUIRE; 6.30, Dr. B. C. GHOSH.
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
 Wimbledon, Smaller Worple Hall, 11 and 7, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS.
 Wood Green, Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. Dr. MUMMERY.
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.

ABERYSTWTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, E. GLYN EVANS.
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. McDOWELL.
 BEDFIELD, 2.30 and 6.30.
 BLACKPOOL, Dickson-road, North Shore, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ROBERT MCGEE.
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. C. COE.
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE STREET.
 CANTERBURY, Ancient Chapel, Blackfriars, 10.50, Rev. J. H. SMITH.
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINVER, B.A.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12, Rev. G. HAMILTON VANCE, B.D.
 FRAMLINGHAM, 11 and (first Sunday in month only) 6.30.
 GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, North-street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. GEORGE WARD.
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS.
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MARTEN.
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES HARGROVE, M.A.
 LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Mr. E. H. PICKERING, B.A.
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES CRADDOCK.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS.
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton-Park, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. FARQUHARSON.
 NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. ERNEST PARRY.
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, 11 and 6.30.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. Dr. CARPENTER.
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45, Rev. JAMES BURTON, M.A.
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH BOND.
 SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11.
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. MATTHEW R. SCOTT.
 TAVISTOCK, Abbey Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. RATTEMBURY HODGES.
 TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, Dudley-road, 11, Mr. H. C. BAKER.
 WEST KIRBY, Tynwald Hall, opposite Station (side door), 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.

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GERMANY.

HAMBURG, The Church of the Liberal Faith, Logenhaus, Welckerstrasse, 11, Rev. GARDNER PRESTON.

SOUTH AFRICA.

CAPETOWN, Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.

CHRISTMAS DAY, December 25.

ESSEX CHURCH, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11, Rev. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A., LL.D.
 KILBURN, Quex-road, 11, Rev. CHARLES ROPER, B.A.
 HIGHGATE HILL, 11, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.
 HAMPESTEAD, Rosslyn-hill, 11.15, Rev. HENRY GOW, B.A.
 HACKNEY, Chatham-place, 11.15, Rev. HENRY RAWLINGS, M.A.
 ISLINGTON, Upper-street, 11, Rev. W. WOODING, B.A.
 STRATFORD, 11, Mr. EDWARD CAPLETON. Collections for "Winifred House."
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, 11, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street, 11, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. Dr. CARPENTER.

BIRTHS.

FORREST.—At 8, Holland-place, Glasgow, on December 17, to the Rev. and Mrs. James Forrest, a daughter.
 HIBBERT.—On December 10, at Wilmslow-road, Handforth, the wife of Alan Hibbert, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

RANSON—TESCHEMACHER.—On December 17, at the Parish Church, Hampstead, by the Rev. S. Mortlock Ranson, M.A., late vicar of St. Alban's, Streatham, uncle of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. Percy Shattock, M.A., curate of the Hampstead Parish Church, Frank Mortlock Ranson, B.A., of the Royal Naval College, Osborne, son of Mr. Wm. Ranson, of Stowmarket, to Florence Sylvia, daughter of the late E. F. Teschemacher, of Highbury, and Mrs. Teschemacher, of Redington-road, Hampstead.

DEATH.

NEEDHAM.—On December 16, at Acrefield House, Woolton, Liverpool, Martha Ann, sister of the late Edward Moore Needham, of Driffild, Derby, aged 90 years.

ILFORD UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN CHURCH,

High Road, near Connaught Road corner.

OPENING OF THE NEW CHURCH on Saturday, January 2, 1909.

Door opened at 3.30 by PERCY PRESTON, Esq. Religious Service at 4, conducted by Rev. T. E. M. EDWARDS; Preacher, Rev. JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

Tea in the Reading Room at 5.30, followed by a Public Meeting in the Church at 7.15; Chairman, EDGAR WORTHINGTON, Esq., supported by JOHN HARRISON, Esq., the Revs. JOHN PAGE HOPPS, V. D. DAVIS B.A., DELTA EVANS, J. ARTHUR PEARSON, and others.

Collections for the Building Fund.

ARTHUR BEECROFT, Hon. Sec., 33, Ranelagh-gardens, Ilford.

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